

beauty and has yet wonderful eyes. She is very deaf. She received us seated at the upper end of a room, with the men on one side, the ladies on the other, in great form. She was herself decked out with all the colours of the rainbow and a profusion of diamonds, painted and patched so that she looked like an embalmed Egyptian queen, or Kitty Fisher when exposed full dressed after her death. A little dog lay on a stool at her feet and she was working *cm parflage*. For this amusement her friends supply her with presents, on New Year's Day, in gold threads, representing gardens, temples, &c., which she passes her time in pulling to pieces. Her daughter, the Duchess de Chatillon, sits by her as interpreter. It was to her that Madame d'Andelau, after a dispute in her presence on the preservation of beauty, addressed these extempore lines:

" La nature, prudente et sage,
Force le temps à respecter
Les charmes de ce beau visage,
Qu'elle n'aurait pu respecter."

In her youth she was a professed libertine, yet now she pronounces definitively upon moral good and evil, and gives and takes away reputations, *comme les autres*.

Mr. Swinburne deals somewhat harshly
with Madame
de la Valliere. No woman ever more sturdily
resisted the